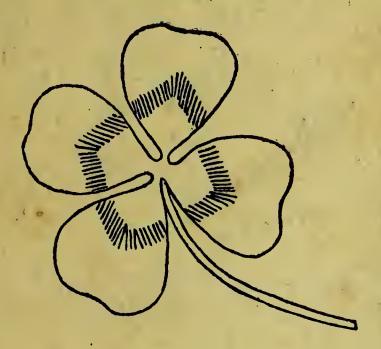
# Four Leaf Cloce.



"One is for Faith

And one is for Hope

And one is for Love, you know:

And God put the other just for Luck,

If you search you will find where they grow."

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1910

# Dedicated In the Haculty

1908-'09 and 1909-'10

IN LOVING APPRECIATION OF THE INTEREST THEY HAVE
MANIFESTED IN THE STUDENTS OF THE LAWRENCEVILLE
HIGH SCHOOL FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, WE PROUDLY
DEDICATE THIS NUMBER OF

"The Four Leaf Clover."

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# The Four Leaf Clover

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FACUL'TY



SENIOR CLASS

# Senior Class, 1910

### Motto:

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

**Colors**Purple and White

**Hlower** White Rose

### **OFFICERS**

PRESIDENT - - - - BETTIE HEATH SHORT
SECRETARY AND TREASURER - - INDIE LEE GRIFFIN

## CLASS ROLL

BETTIE HEATH SHORT FANNIE BELLE SPATIG
ELIZBETH VEALE TYLER INDIE LEE GRIFFIN
JACK SHELL LILY BAUGH PERCIVALL

# Salutatory

ADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In behalf of the Faculty and the Senior Class of Lawrenceville High School, I extend a hearty welcome to each and everyone present here to-night. We appreciate the interest which the public has always manifested in our behalf, for without their moral and financial support, we could never have attained the honor which is ours to-night.

We realize as never before the importance of an education; we realize that if we, as individuals are to accomplish anything in this life, if our community is to take a part in the affairs in this State or this nation, the people must be educated.

You, the citizens of this town have borne the burden of taxation that you might benefit your community by having in its midst a school, the equal of any in this State considering the size of our town. I know not the attitude of the classes which will graduate from this institution in the future, but I assure you that the Class of 1910 appreciates what you have done for them. May you never have cause to regret it, and may you live to see those for whom you have done so much, making this nation's history and carving this nation's destiny.

We realize the gigantic efforts put forth by the Superintendent and Board of Trustees in establishing this school, but that toil was at length rewarded, and we have a building crowning the summit of yonder hillock, which reflects a credit and honor upon our people. That building is here, and thank God, it is here to stay. Generations yet unborn will be trained within her sacred walls, and classes may graduate from that institution which may reflect more honor upon it, but we assure you that none shall know a deeper gratitude than the Class of 1910.

Dear Schoolmates, profit by our mistakes and failures; do not let an opportunity pass by, however small, for accumulations of knowledge and experience, for the most valuable kinds are the results of little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured. Those who learn nothing or accumulate nothing in life are set down as failures—because they have neglected little things. May you realize these true words of Cowper:

"Young heads are giddy and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hues are rather guessed than known.
Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
But learns his errors in maturer years,
When disposition like a sail unfurled
Shows all its rents and patches to the world,"

Now we have successfully and honorably completed the course of study prescribed in L. H. S. and our High School days are ended. This day divides, as no other has done, the past from the future of our lives. We linger here a few moments in the blended light of Memory and Hope; here we gird ourselves for the toil and conflicts that remain. We have crossed one narrow sea of life safely. The voyage we are soon to begin will only end when the heaving sea of life itself shall have been traversed and the anchor falls upon the shores of the Silent Land. Only God knoweth whether this voyage will be prosperous or disastrous, but we know that it depends upon ourselves—upon the use we make of our gifts and powers we possess—upon the ends we choose and towards which we work—upon our worthiness of aim and purposes in life—upon our fidelity to the unalterable principles of uprightness—upon our cordial love, belief and practice of the truth.

This world is waiting for each one of us to come and fill our place, though it may not be exalted or conspicuous. There is not a name in this dear Class of 1910 that may be ever known in fame or be indelibly stamped on historic pages. Not one of us may ever achieve what men call greatness, but there is a greatness which each of us may surely attain, and honors which we may win. It is the burdens cheerfully borne and duty faithfully performed that makes the honor that crowns and glorifies the memory of those who help to make the world sweeter, purer, and better. "Be then true to ourselves and to our age, our Country and to our God, true to the Country wherein we have been carefully nurtured and to the obligations imposed by the intellectual and moral culture and power that we have here received."

Bettie Short



# Class Mistory

O me has been assigned the task of writing the Class history. This is at once useless and difficult. It is useless because the good work of this Class speaks for itself. It is difficult to rightly picture the deeds of this Class. However, it may be that I can record a few facts of its already well known history.

Let us look back three years, at the beginning of the session 1907-08. The Class assembled for the first time in September 1907, with an enrollment of seventeen. (How proud we felt, that we were in our second High School year, or the ninth grade.) Seventeen! Almost three times the number left now! We thought we knew it all then, as we were in the ninth grade. But nine months grind in Mathematics and Latin removed all such pride from our swollen heads. The English was very hard, the hours we spent over it are innumerable. Zoology was not easy, but Botany—that was the worst of all—such names that tied our tongues in hard knots trying to pronounce them. During the session two of our number dropped out, leaving fifteen to struggle on with our work. The year as a whole, was uneventful, few important events occurring. The intermediate and final examinations though, were the cause of much worry and not a little extra studying. Never-the-less, we made very good progress during the session, twelve out of the fifteen being promoted to the next grade. Thus endeth the first chapter.

On the third of September 1908, the tenth grade (or the Juniors, as we wished to be called) came together at the High School for the session of 1908–09. Some changes had occurred. Many of the old familiar faces of the preceding year were gone, and their places taken by strangers. A new teacher, Miss Smithey, of the Mathematic department, was added to our efficient and accomplished corps of teachers. The standard too had been raised from 75 to 85 per cent while examinations were not required if an average of ninety per cent was made in the subject. The raising of the standard meant harder work, but we went to work with a determination to win success. At the beginning of the session the Euzelian Literary was organized with the eleventh and tenth grades and as many of the ninth grade as wished to join, for members—twenty in all. The society was something new and rather awkward at first, but was enjoyed very much after we became accustomed to it. The debates were very pleasing, so exciting, while all of every program was enjoyed.

Our class work was more difficult than the year before, on account of the standard having been raised—so difficult that one of the Class was returned to the ninth grade. Physics was exceedingly difficult, Latin was by no means easy, and French was begun with much trouble, especially in accent. Geometry, also, was commenced with trouble in proving the original propositions. The English and other studies were similar to those of the preceding year—only much more difficult and nerve-racking.

While we had a hard time with our studies, the session was a pleasant one, otherwise. There were some disputes, of course, but on the whole, peace and harmony prevailed, and we came to understand each other better, being bound firmly by the ties of friendship. Thanksgiving Day, Christmas and Easter, each brought their pleasure. The public meeting of the Literary Society just before Christmas was a very pleasant occasion. The Society, also, entertained the Emporia base ball team and visitors, during the spring at a most enjoyable evening, culminating in refreshments. Other little meetings from time to time helped to relieve the strain. The examinations too, were survived more easily than we had anticipated, some of us being excused from taking nearly all of them. (But the final reckoning was yet to come when five of the class met with hard luck.) The first Commencement exercises were eagerly and intensely watched by our Class, because next year we knew that some of us would have to go through the same performance. The Commencement was a joyous occasion and vacation was pleasant—entirely so to six of us. Thus endeth the second chapter.

September sixteenth saw six Seniors sitting solemnly sighing. School had begun and the home stretch was before us. Seniors! How great sounded that name in our ears! How strange and unfamiliar! Six Seniors, five sweet and pretty girls and one ugly boy assembled to be the models for the whole school as our teachers often informed us. Time once more had wrought its changes. Five teachers of the faculty including the Principal were gone and new ones were in their places. Our friends, especially the boys were thinned in number and the ranks filled by new faces. Our Class too, seemed bare of the cheering voices of our five comrades of last session. The Literary Society was reorganized and the whole High School enrollment admitted as members.

The class work was very hard this last time. The marvellous tales of Virgil were mysteries to our ignorant minds, and as for scanning—it was an impossibility within a mystery. French was not much less complicated. Solid Geometry was a hard proposition and Trigonometry could only be worked by a lunatic—certainly not by us. Chemistry was not the worst, but it was in no wise like unto our conception of Heaven. Bitter was History, anything but Paradise, unless Paradise consists of dates and outlines. Civil Government was as dry as a law document and about as interesting. Last and worst of all came our English which was one continuous stream of

composition from our weary pens. Thus, on a whole, our studies were harder because of the nervous strain brought on by the struggle for our graduation in sight and then to fail—Never! Thus the work and strain.

On January 19th Miss Bettie Short was elected President of the Class and Miss Indie Griffin, Secretary and Treasurer. Then began our real Class spirit, the realization that the long hoped for day was near at hand. The struggle was renewed with greater vigor and all strife and contention laid aside. But for the pleasures that came to lighten our minds, the burdens would have been too heavy to bear. Fortunately the social part of the session was the most enjoyable one ever experienced. The faculty was each and every one pleasant and agreeable, doing much to add to our pleas-The pleasures of each other's company did much to relieve our heavily-burdened minds, We fully understand each other and our faults and failures were known along with our good qualities. Some differences have occurred, but Peace and Harmony prevailed and the troubles are forgotten. Our different social functions have done much to please us. Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, April Fools Day. The Junior Reception, the public meetings of the Literary Society and the play given by the Dramatic Club, have been enjoyed and are preserved in our memories. Thus endeth the lesson with the exception of a few words not relating directly to the History.

Here we stand to-night as Seniors and Graduates of the L. H. S. Our History has been simple and unpretentious; not marked by any great event but by a continuous and honest struggle against the difficulties of the High School Course. To use Prof. Parrish's pet expression "We have risen upon the stepping stones of our dead selves to higher and better things." All that we are has been accomplished by hard work and in this History I have endeavored to impress the fact that work is required for success.

The campaign is ended and the contest gained. The Saratoga of our education has been won, let us press on for Yorktown.

Jack Shell



# Class Poem

Started separately on their journey so hopeful—yet sad; But encountering the same obstacle ere they'd begun, They formed a strong union—Six in One

Now banded together with vows binding fast,
They felt so much stronger to fight to the last;
So beginning anew their work grew much lighter,
Fears seemed to vanish, and the future grow brighter.

So onward and upward this strong little band,
Went gaily and patiently, hand in hand;
For joined as they were, in heart, mind and soul,
They could reach much easier the long-hoped-for goal;

Though sometimes misfortune and labors seemed hard,
They still look upward and trusted in God;
For all who are trustful, obedient and true,
Will merit reward whatever they do.

Now see what a change has come over each face, Lines, not of doubt, but of joy, we may trace; For victory is theirs, they have conquered at last, Now they look back with pride to the toils of the past.

Bessie Tyler



# Prophecy of the Class of 1910

O gift of divine prophecy has been transmitted to me. I would that it had been so that I might have foreseen the future of this, the most illustrious class that has ever passed out of this institution. But friends, if you will bear with me, I will relate to you a dream—not all a dream—for the future passed before me as though it were a stern reality.

I was in one of our Western cities wandering alone. I saw carriages of the most modern and costly make, filled with men and women of wealth aud prominence. I drifted unconsciously with the tide, until I stood in the mansion of the chief executive of that state. Never before had I seen such elegance, never had light shone over fairer women or more gallant men. I would have been, indeed, lonely had I not been filled with admiration. Standing in one corner of the room was the Governor, a man of the most striking appearance and the hero of an admiring group. He came near me and leaning on his arm was his wife, a woman of dark hair and eyes, beautiful beyond description. As they came nearer, his wife smiled and lo, I recognized Bettie Short, the President of our Class.

A change came over the spirit of my dreams. I saw a lonely little cottage almost hidden by a magnificent grove of lofty oaks. On one side was a dear oldfashioned flower garden, brightly blooming with flowers of the olden times such as marigolds, hollyhocks, lilacs, heart's-ease, and peonies. Being interested in the surroundings, I wandered toward the back of the house, where I saw a tall, slender maiden lady dressed in finery of by-gone-days, slowly descending the steps with a pan of chicken feed in her hands. As I gazed upon her, I thought how beautiful she must have been in her younger days, and how many devotees had worshiped at the shrine of such beauty. As soon as she reached the ground the chickens flocked around her as did also a number of cats. As she forced her pets away, speaking to them affectionately by such names as Frank, Jake, Wrenny, Richard, Robert, and Barham, I recalled some of the former suitors of Fannie Belle Spatig and as I watched her, I recognized our popular and much admired Belle, the Valediotorian of our Class. I was not much surprised to see Belle an old maid, for she always said that for her part, it would be single-blessedness instead of double-cussedness.

A change came over the spirit of my dreams. I was in a spacious ballroom, beautifully decorated in palms and cut flowers, and filled with people of fashion and elegance. In the center of an admiring group, in most elegant attire, was one, whom I recognized as a member of our class. I pressed forward to extend my congratulations to "The Belle of the Evening," for the international fame she had won as a poetess. It was the one whom we had often heard complainingly say that nobody loved her; but Fate had decreed otherwise and Bessie Tyler seemed indeed to be the most beloved and most admired by all present.

A change came over the spirit of my dreams. I was standing in one of the vast halls of Vassar surrounded by many volumes of scientific research. I glanced up at the sound of light footsteps crossing the room and beheld the thoughtful yet sweet face and neatly dressed figure of one of the instructors of this splendid institution.

This lady entered an opposite room and, impelled by something more than mere curosity, I followed her. The instant she entered the door the noisy hum caused by the chatter of a class of girls was immediately stopped and as she walked up to her desk and opened her text book, a perfect and respectful silence pervaded the whole room. The instructor proceeded to expound the deep and interesting truths of that wonderful science, Chemistry, in a calm and masterful way which clearly showed her an adapt at her art. The students listened with rapt attention to every word which fell from her lips and seemed to thoroughly enjoy and understand the lecture. As soon as the lecture was over she asked the girls to proceed to the laboratory for the experiments. Mechanically, I followed them into a spacious room, thoroughly equipped with all the modern apparatus for trying the most complex experiments. Here, also, perfect order was maintained although not once did the girls have to be reproved, so it seemed that she ruled her pupils by love rather than by force. the laboratory, as in the class room, the instructor proved herself a master of her subject for she performed the most difficult experiment with the greatest ease and accuracy. All this time I was struggling with my memory to recall where I had seen that refined, gentle face before, and after the recitation I asked one of the girls Imagine my surprise and delight when she introduced me to to introduce me. "Our Science Teacher, Miss Indie Griffin." I was not so much surprised after all, for in the High School Chemistry had been Indie's favorite study.

A change came over the spirit of my dreams. I was strolling along the banks of the Meherrin River. The odor of newly mown hay and the drowsy tinkling of bells from the distant sheepfolds had almost lulled me into the land of forgetfulness; but being impelled by an unknown power, I wandered on through fields of waving grain and over hills covered with lowing herds. Far back 'midst a grove of stately oaks, I saw an old colonial mansion. I sauntered up the shady lane, up the gravel walk and there I stood in front of that massive mansion, a monument to a glorious past. I thought of those who had gone out from its portals never to cross that hoary threshold more. I thought of the merry laughter that had once echoed through its stately halls, but now—all was silent as the tomb. I thought of the brilliant social functions that had been given there by a generation now long since passed away; but now the clinging ivy held its sway. The doors that once were always open to the aristocracy of the South, had not passed for years upon their silvery hinges. I looked over to where there once was one of the most beautiful flower gardens in all the beautiful Southland, and there, half hidden by the shrubbery that surrounded him, I saw a middle-aged man. Around him were strewn, promiscuously, volumes treating on almost every conceivable subject. There he sat; away from the haunts of men, away from the tongues of women, buried in his books. I advanced a few steps and saw that it was one of our old classmates, JACK SHELL. The poor fellow had become disgusted with women, as he had graduated the only boy in a class of six.

There were no further changes. I awoke; happy indeed I was, for I had foreseen the future of my classmates and that their ways were to be ways of happiness and their paths—the paths of peace.

# The Four Leaf Clover

### Last Will and Testament

E, the Graduating Class of 1910, of the Lawrenceville High School, in the town of Lawrenceville, Brunswick County, Commonwealth of Virginia, being of sound and disposing minds, in the presence of friends and relatives, do hereby on the ninth day of June 1910, make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all other wills at any time made.

First—To Mr. Valentine, our highly esteemed superintendent, we bequeath a "Senior Class" that will never look at the Latin notes, but one that will pay strict attention to the forms, and a baseball team that will not tread on the grass.

Second—To the Improvement League, better attendance from its members.

Third—To our Euzelian Literary Society, we lovingly bequeath pupils who will pay their dues, and not grumble, but on the contrary will look pleased and say, "Yes, we are willing to do more if necessary for our Society." Also our very best wishes for the literary success of its members.

Fourth—To Mr. Parrish, our honored professor, we bequeath the esteem of our class Seniors who will write at least "six" English papers every night that will excel Shakespeare and other very best writers, and not grumble or complain, no matter what are the duties thrust upon them. Last, but certainly not least, by special request, we bequeath to him an "Old ham" to chew on between class bells, a "Royal(1) Home" surrounded by a garden, in which "Roses" on the "Lea" may bloom in all profusion.

Fifth—To Miss Wolfe, our esteemed and beloved History teacher, who always looks so trim and neat in her splendidly cut garments, we leave "one" suit, made by the "Taylor" whom she may adore, that may always bring back the pleasant memories of the time when she may take upon herself the most solemn and important oath, "Wilt thou love, honor and obey?"

Sixth—Upon Miss Royall, our "dear little Science teacher," first of all we bestow the individual love and affection of our Class, as she has had it in the past. And to her whose queenly blood courses through every vein, we bequeath nothing more than a king. Let it be that she may not only become England's queen, of whom "King Charles I." may be proud, but still again may "King Charles II." value her far above any pearls or rubies that he or anyone else may possess in the kingdom.

Seventh—To Miss Payne, our beloved teacher, we bequeath the love and gratitude of each and every member of our Class, our sincere appreciation of all that she has been to us, and our very best wishes for success through life in all undertakings. Last a bottle of "camphor" and "smelling-salts," for fear some of the Seniors may be taken with a severe fainting spell, during that "awful" Trigonometry period, and if enough money is left in the treasury a "couch" may also be provided.

Eighth—We bequeath to MISS OLDHAM, our faithful teacher, a long voyage on the "mighty deep," and to those whom she may leave behind, especially "Buck" and "Reg," may she remember her most faithful pledge, to come back again from across that broad and billowy main.

Ninth—To Miss Glinn, whose face always beams with sunshine, we will the very largest diamond that Tiffany can supply; one that will outshine Miss Harrison's headlight and find its fulfilment as quickly as Miss Delaney's. And we will that it be given by that same "bachelor cousin" who bestowed more jewelry upon her than all the rest of the faculty can boast of.

Tenth—To Miss Delaney, our beloved second and third grade teacher, we will much success in her new "reign" which she is to undertake, and that it may not be rainy, as the name implies, but calm, peaceful, and full of the bliss which fills all who enter into the matrimonial state.

Eleventh—We give, devise, and bequeath to our dainty little MISS HARRISON, who always did love sweet things, an abundant supply of such. Be it provided that the source from which these must come will be an "all round" "Baker Shop," that will have as its manager or proprietor an ever faithful and industrious "Palmer."

Twelfth—To the Class of 1911, we bequeath a bright and happy Senior year, crowned with success.

The Bereby Constitute Miss Royall executrix of this our last will and testament.

In Witness Whereof, we have set hereunto our hand and seal, this ninth day of June, nineteen hundred and ten.

Class of '10 of the Lawrenceville High School [SEAL.]

### Witnesses:

Anne McKaughan Hazelle Gibbs Evelyn Turnbull

Written by Indie L. Griffin.



# Waledictory

HERE is a time when the best of friends must part—for us, the time is come. Four long, delightful years have we labored together in love harmony, and beautiful friendship. We have shared alike success and, failure, joy and sorrow, triumph and bitter defeat: And while there have been moments of discord, let us cover them with the blanket of the Past and remember these last four years as the most beautiful, most profitable and happiest of our lives.

We are proud to stand before you to-night as graduates of our noble Alma Mater, and doubly proud since we know that there is no "Royal road to knowledge." We have worked and won. Success is ours. Our heads are crowned with the garlands of victory and our trophies lay at our feet.

We deem ourselves most fortunate in the teachers we have had. And while we have not always had the same capable and accomplished corps which we now have, we have only the highest words of praise and

a sense of the deepest gratitude for those who formerly labored among us. Beloved Teachers, one and all, we thank you, thank you, thank you for the deep interest you have taken in us, for the patience you have shown in dealing with us, and for the skill with which you have instructed us. You have always been ready and willing to assist us in any way possible both in and out of class room, and by your cheering and encouraging words have helped us over many dark and troublesome places in the rugged pathway to success. We have co-operated in a most gratifying manner, and the ready sympathy you have always shown us and the hearty manner in which you have entered into the spirit of our work with us, has made this possible. Our lives are bound together by that invisible cord of affection which is twined so closely about each loving heart. And now, in bidding you adieu, we thank you again for all you have so cheerfully done for us; we have but one regret: We are to part. And while we can never forget you, next year another class will step in and take our places in your hearts—and Time, cruel Time, which bruises only to heal again, will soon efface all memory of the Senior Class of 1910.

Dear Friends, we must bid you farewell also. We thank you for the interest you have taken in us and for the many words of encouragement you have spoken to us. You have stood by us nobly all through our school life and we ask you to give the same amount of interest and sympathy to our successors, the Seniors of 1911, that you have given us. "A word of encouragement now and then, greatly cheers the lives of men." And now in parting, we would ask you not to forget us as we part from you here to-night. Most of us will go to higher institutions but we wish still to have your friendship and sympathy. Pause for a moment sometimes in the busy whirl of your life and breathe a silent prayer that those six young lives, so young, so beautiful, so pure and so noble, just venturing out into Life's stormy and treacherous sea, may have a safe and prosperous voyage and anchor at last in the beautiful harbor of Peace. Pray that we may so live that "When our summons

comes to join that innumerable caravan which moves onward towards that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the silent Halls of death" and we have crossed that Silent River into the Great Beyond, those left behind may say, "The world is better for that noble young life having been spent in it."

Ah, Dear Schoolmates, it is indeed hard to say farewell to you. We feel as though we cannot part from you and may we never have cause to sever that tie which binds us so closely in friendship and love. Your words of encouragement, appreciative sympathy and many acts of kindness will never be forgotten for they have, in no small measure, helped to make our school days the happiest of our lives.

We have said farewell, a long and solemn farewell to all. We may never meet again this side of Eternity, but Classmates, let us model our future lives according to the noble morals and precepts of our beloved Teachers and strive to meet once more over the Great Divide, just beyond the brink of that awful chasm which separates Heaven from earth. Fellow-graduates, let us never say "goodbye" to each other, though we be separated and though mountains may rise and rivers may flow between us, yet in the heart will we be united. And now to you, Dear Friends and Teachers,

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—A sound which makes us linger;—Yet, Farewell!"

Fannie Belle Spatig, Valedictorian



# Innior Class

# Motto:

"EAT AND GROW FAT"

Colors		Hlower
Blue and Gold		Marechal Neil Rose
	Officecs	
President		EVELYN TURNBULL
Secretary and Treasurer		- HAZELLE GIBBS
	Class Roll	
Annie McKaughan -		- Florence Riegle
Bessie Michael		- Richard Short
Margaret Upchurch		- NED GOODRICH
Jessie Short		- HAZELLE GIBBS
EVELYN TURNBULL		- Robbie Fitz



JUNIOR CLASS

# History of the Junior Class

haps no better time could be chosen for the beginning than the first of our present session when we were united, every individual, as Pope says to seek his several goal. We have striven by our deeds, always to respect the very highest of honors upon this our High School, which has taught us the value of knowledge and trained our untutored minds in righteousness and truth.

Some of us are regarded as rash and reckless in temper and manners by the more dignified Seniors, as they would probably style themselves, but that is what we style "prissy."

But if we are not held in such high esteem by the disgusted Seniors, we have held our own in the school. No class has taken so active a part in the Literary Society. The four debaters, chosen by the Society to compete for the Debater's Medal are from our grade. Such research and study have never before been witnessed in the history of our School. New paths are being worn in the near-by woods, and stumps, which have never before been noticed, have suddenly come into prominence, while the patient trees only sigh and nod their heads at the menacing fists that are shaken at them.

Two of the "Champion Basket Ball" Team are members of our Class.

We do not think of our school as a prison, nor do we remember the days spent there as gloomy and distasteful. The body has been developed with the brain, and all the Junior girls are excellent players on the Basket Ball Teams as well as good students. We enjoy our school life, we love and admire our teachers, and under their instructions we are trying to be helpful to others and to do our work cheerfully. As Juniors, we have pursued our way, though sometimes we did get awfully hungry and our Ciceros just wouldn't stay in our desks. We have labored together that we may in unity become Seniors but we hope that the knowledge that we have but one more year in the dear old school will not make us so dignified that we cannot play tag on the stairs and take the chicken legs from the lunch baskets with as much grace as now.

Maggie Lee Upchurch.

# Euzelian Literary Society

### Motto:

"SEMPER FIDELIS"

Colors GREEN AND WHITE		Hlower White Rose
	(Officers	
President	G 44444	Jack Shell
Vice President		- Bettie Short
Secretary		FANNIE BELLE SPATIG
Treasurer		Elizabeth Tyler
Critic		Prof. T. M. Parrish
Sergeant-at-Arms -		R. T. SHORT
Bettie Sho Indie Grifi Lily Perci	FIN Program Comm	nittee

# Contestants for Bebater's Medal

, Anne McKaughan Hazelle Gibbs
Ned Goodrich Evelyn Turnbull

# Euzelian Roll

LELA ABERNATHY **CLARENCE ABERNATHY** VIVIAN BARROW CARRIE BOWEN ETHEL BOYD PHYLLIS BAYLEY EDNA CHAPPEL ROBERT CONNELLY THOMAS CRICHTON PAULINE DARDEN GEORGE DANIEL ANNIE EDWARDS **HUME EDWARDS** ROBBIE FITZ LILLIAN FINCH NED GOODRICH INDIE GRIFFIN HAZELLE GIBBS MCLEAN GIBBS ROBERT KIDD MATTIE KIDD HERBERT MICHAEL BESSIE MICHAEL

WILLIE G. MATHEWS

MARY P. MALLORY ANNIE MCKAUGHAN **IESSE MCKAUGHAN** LILY PERCIVALL GEORGE PERCIVALL LUCILLE POARCH MAUDE PURDY ELIZABETH RANEY FLORENCE RIEGLE NORBORNE RAWLINGS JACK SHELL BETTIE SHORT JESSIE SHORT RICHARD SHORT FANNIE BELLE SPATIG JESSIE SMITH MARGARET SQUIRE BESSIE TYLER MONROE TROTTER **EVELYN TURNBULL** GERTRUDE TURNBULL MARY T. TURNBULL MARGARET UPCHURCH

MABEL UPCHURCH

NORBORNE WINN



# Dramatic Club

# "Under The Laurels"

# STAR PRESENTATION OF TROUPE

### Presented:

Lawrenceville Opera House Kenbridge Opera House

	Manager
CA	ASTE
Rose Millford, an heiress	LILY PERCIVALL
Frank Colewood, an adopted son	Norborne Rawlings
	Bettie Short
Ky. Brantford, an unscrupulous lawyer	NED GOODRICH
Polly Dowler, a maid	HAZELLE GIBB
Bob Button, a spy	ROBERT CONNELLY
IKE HOPPER, a farm hand	Robert Kidd
Sookey Button, a bossy housekeeper	EVELYN TURNBULL
Zeke, somewhat dark	RICHARD SHORT
Snowdrop, Zeke's sweetheart -	GERTRUDE TURNBULL
THE SHERIFF	ARTHUR BROWDER
REGULATORS	- { SALLY DAVIDSON WILLIE MATTHEWS





DRAMATIC CLUB



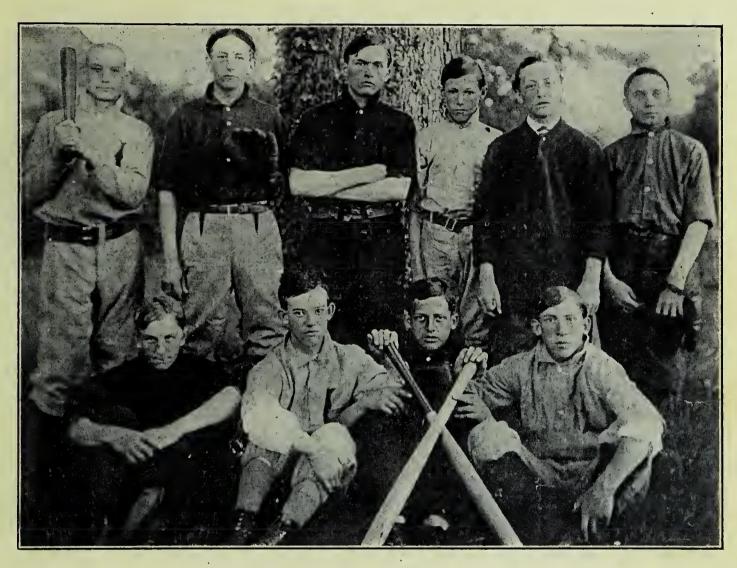
JACK SHELL	-	-	-	-	-	President
ROBERT KIDD	-	-	-	-	-	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
ROBERT KIDD		-	-	-	-	Captain Base Ball Team
INDIE GRIFFIN	-	-	-	-		CAPTAIN BASKET BALL TEAM

# Base Ball Team

GUY GRANT FIRST BASE
NORBORNE RAWLINGS Second Base
NORBORNE WINN Third Base
THOMAS CRICHTON Short Stop
HUME EDWARDS CATCH
ROBERT KIDD PITCH (CAPTAIN)
WILLIE MATTHEWS RIGHT FIELD
OSWELL STROHECKER CENTER FIELD
WALTER KELTON LEFT FIELD
GEORGE DANIEL IST SUB.
DICK SHORT 2ND SUB.
Colors ORANGE AND RED

# Yell

Hickety Huss, Hickety Huss!!
What in the deuce is the matter with us?
Nothing at all, Nothing at all!
We are the boys that play base ball!!!



BASE BALL TEAM



CHAMPION BASKET BALL TEAM

# Basket Ball Team

Aim	-	-		-			-		-	-		-		-	-	"To	REACH THE GOAL"
Colors		-	-		-	-		-	-		-		-	-	-	-	RED AND WHITE

# Yell

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!! Rah!!!

Ree! Ree!! Ree!!!

No use asking who are we,

Every body knows it

When the ball goes it

Champions! Champions!! 1910!!!

INDIE GRIFFIN CENTER (CAPTAIN)
MARGARET SQUIRE BACK CENTER
MARY T. TURNBULL RIGHT FORWARD
LILY PERCIVALL LEFT FORWARD
BESSIE TYLER GOAL
EVELYN TURNBULL ASSISTANT GOAL
JESSIE SHORT GUARD
PAULINE DARDEN SUBSTITUTE
PHYLLIS BAYLEY SUBSTITUTE

### The Four Leaf Clover



September 16, 1909—School opened.

September 27, 1909—A reception was given the visiting County teachers by the School Improvement League

October 29, 1909—A Hallowe'en Party was given by the Seniors.

November 16, 1909—A public debate was given by the Euzelian Literary Society before the School Improvement League.

November 25 & 26, 1900—Thanksgiving holidays.

December 23, 1909—Public meeting of Euzelian Literary Society.

December 24, 1909 to Jan. 4, 1910—Christmas holidays.

February 4, 1910—Public meeting of Euzelian Literary Society presenting "The Sniggles Family" and "Gertrude Mason, M. D."

March 11, 1910—High School Dramatic Club played "Under the Laurels" at the Opera House.

April 25, 1910—Good Friday.

April 28, 1910—Senior Class Fish Fry.

April 1, 1910—April Fool program by Euzelians.

April 9, 1910—Dramatic Club played "Under the Laurels" at Kenbridge, Va.

April 23, 1910—Entertainment.

May 6, 1910—Lawn party for benefit of Annual fund.

May 13, 1910—Junior Reception.

May 28, 1910—Senior Class Picnic.

May 27, 1910—Minstrel Show.

June 3, 1910—Senior Moonlight Picnic.

June 7, 1910—Play, "A Day in Flowerdom."

June 8, 1910—Debate for Debater's Medal.

June 9, 1910—Class Night.



## Our high School Alphabet

- A for Attractive,
  Our LILLIE so fair,
  Who wins all she meets
  By her manner and air.
- B is for Bossy
  Our noble Fannie Bell
  Who she wont boss
  No one can tell.
- C stands for Cute
  And cunning MAGGIE LEE
  Who, though a Junior now
  Will soon a Senior be.
- D is for Dudish,

  Hurrah for Norborne Winn

  He isn't a bit prudish

  And outdresses sin.
- E for Excitable,
  The girlie MARY T.
  Who smiles awhile, cries awhile,
  And tries calm to be.
- F stands for Fussy,
  Our PAULINE so thin,
  When you think she has finished
  She's just starting in.
- G is for Giggler,
  Our laughing Trudie
  Who laughs through her studies,
  Plays and duty.
- H is for Handsome,
  Our Norborne Raw-Lings
  Who wins the girls' hearts
  And puts them on strings.
- I is for the most Indolent,
  So we have chosen Monroe,
  Though his energy is quite spent
  He is a favorite beau.

- J stands for Jolly,
  And of fun, wit and folly
  Our MATTIE has plenty
  To drive away melancholy.
- K stands for Kiddish And LILY our kid, Whose infantile smile Can never be hid.
- L stands for lovable
  And LILY so true,
  To know is to love her,
  For she's certainly true blue.
- M stands for Mischievous
  That rascal Georde D.
  Though always in mischief
  He's as slick as can be.
- N stands for Nervy Our handsomest lad, Although he is bold He's not really bad.
- O stands for Original
  Miss Annie McKaughan,
  Who makes all folks laugh
  Beginning at dawn.
- P stands for Pretty
  Our dear Mary T.
  If you don't believe it,
  Just look and see.
- Q stands for Quaint
  Little MABEL so dear,
  Although she won this distinction,
  She's not at all queer.
- R stands for Rambunctious
  Our jolly little KIDD
  Don't ask what she did do,
  But what she didn't did.

### The Four Leaf Clover

- S stands for Studious
  Applied to Indie Griffin,
  Who works and studies,
  When other girls are skipping.
- T stands for Talented
  EVELYN TURNBULL so smart
  Who has won many laurels
  For her music, verse and art.
- U stands for Unselfish
  Our MARGARET so dear,
  Who loves to help others
  By good deeds and good cheer.
- V is for Vain
  As Lily is thought,
  And she is clothed in vanity,
  Too dear to be bought.

- W stands for Witty
  Our funny George Daniel
  And this is the reason
  Why we put him in the Annual.
- X stands for Xanthic Robbie's hair so yellow, She tells us all things Save the name of her fellow.
- Y stands for Yarner
  Our illustrious Hume
  That he's a second Munchausen
  You can but presume.
- Z is for Zealous
  As our EVELYN is thought
  For her grace and good deeds
  She'll always be sought.



### Our Seniors

Among those oak trees
And you find there five maidens
Whose beauty one sees,
And a young man,
So sturdy, important and true
That we look at them all
And say, "Wish we were you."

#### H

They are Seniors, such Seniors!
Such dignity! such grace!
My! to run down a Prep. kid,
They'd term a disgrace,
And say we were rowdy
And clean out of place
Just to show their importance
And high cultured taste.

#### III

Each one of our Seniors
Is a bright twinkling star
One a bell who tolls
The "Kids" heart ajar;
And tho' she's proclaimed
The bossiest in school
The "Dudy Wink" and the "Lash-lay"
No stress to this rule.

#### IV

One girl who's our Lillie
So lovable and vain,
Can kiss her first cousin,
Without one slight stain.
But when cousin is moping
And the "Chicken" she shews;
"Shells" deck her pathway,
And scare off the blues.

V

The poetess, artist,
And the musician;
Our golden haired Bess
In her eminent position,
Is quite in contrast,
With the dark noble Bet,
Who leaves deep impressions,
Which are hard to forget.

#### VI

In no other school is
"Indigo" ahead,
And no other girl but Indie
Such a busy life has lead.
For she is our studious
Earnest examplar,
Whom all of us brag about,
Both near and far.

#### VII

Now Jack is the Senior
Who loves fragrant flowers
And thinks that his Heaven
Will be mid green bowers,
But the hope, which prevails
Is to be Mr. Shell,
In a garden of "Lillies"
Where Daisies won't tell.

#### VIII

But in spite of their
Dignified, scholarly ways,
Our hope is to get next year
One half such praise
As our dear loving schoolmates
Who leave us this year
With no gift from the students
But a wish and a tear.

Evelyn Turnbull

### When the Last Rose of Summer Fades Away



N the beautiful old home of Oakwood, just on the skirts of a pretty little town known as Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Rose dwelt in peace and happiness. A dear little daughter had been given

them as a sunbeam, to scatter sunshine in their path of toil and transform their worries into bright and pleasant smiles.

This little girl Daphne—as she was called — was about twelve years old. She was a little golden-haired fairy, with such calm, steady, blue eyes, that "they made the tints of the sea and sky seem dull." Her sweet lips always wore a smile, and it seemed when she smiled that it was not possible for one face to wear so much animation and sweetness.

From her birth Daphne had been a favorite with her parents and is said to have been the only human being who could influence her father. But her love was so sweet and simple that their devotion was noticed by all, and the father's life grew nobler day by day, until people thought that he was an entirely different man.

Daphne's talents were almost unlimited and she was especially fond of music and science. Mr. Rose proved an able instructor in nature and Mrs. Rose taught her music and classics. Never was a little girl more musical than Daphne, and when she sang in the neighboring woods it seemed as if she were challenging the nightingales and had come out victoriously in the end.

In Daphne's wanderings with her nature friends, she often stopped in the old grove of Grape Hill, which stood near by, and on this particular evening she was surprised by meeting on her

way a handsome youth, of about eighteen years. He stopped short on seeing her, raised his well formed head, and looked at her with his dark, calm eyes. Daphne was dressed simply in a little pink-checked frock, wifh her golden curls hanging around her dimpled face. She was childish looking, and Carl, not realizing that she was in her teens, said gently, "Little girl, will you show me over the farm? You know I am going to live here, near you." Daphne consented and after making herself known joined him in his stroll.

Two years passed away and the time came when Carl must leave for the university, where he expected to study law. Daphne was seated on a stump in the green forest with Carl at her side. He had made a little wreath of flowers and was placing it on her crown of ringlets, when she said, "Carl, don't forget me while you are gone, for I like you more than any other friend I have." Carl dropped his eyes lower and said in low, even tones, "Dear Daphne, when you sit there like the little queen, which you are, I just must say that you will be my own queen some day, and-and-then." Daphne's eyes looked so bright and so tender, that when Carl pressed her soft, little hand to say good bye, he realized that he could not have found a dearer. sweeter friend if he had searched the whole world over.

Frequent letters came from Carl, and Daphne never forgot him no matter how busy her brain was with other affairs.

When the golden autumn returned Daphne received an invitation from her

uncle to visit him in Charleston, and in a weeks time she was on her way.

Thoughts, ah! such thoughts that crowded Daphne's joyous brain! She saw Carl in the university and she could hear him say, "Oh! Daphne, I am so glad you have come." Uncle Jack met her, and after declaring that she was as graceful as a wasp, took pride in showing the smiling sunbeam to his acquaintances.

On the evening of the reception given to our heroine, she came tripping down stairs gaily humming a tune, and never before had she looked so beautiful. The soft folds of her dainty blue frock hung in graceful folds around her slender form; her golden ringlets coiled girlishly at the back of her white neck, entwined in golden meshes, and formed a crown, which overhung the prettiest brow and the most bewitching blue eyes in all the world. Silently she stole into the parlor and wondered where her Carl could be. She had written him that she would come, and yet as many times as she had passed the university she saw no sign of Carl. But soon her attention was turned to another person.

The guests arrived and after many introductions, our interest naturally follows our charming heroine. Everywhere a train of ardent admirers followed her, and one wealthy gentleman, named Mr. Fitzgerald, was completely wrapped in her charms. Every dance or promenade these two interesting persons were seen together until the hour of departure arrived. Every eye was turned to Daphne and each person tried by some means to have the last words with her, but, when all others had left, one young man remained.

This was Mr. Fitzgerald, and as soon as he was left alone with her we find that all other thoughts than Daphne are vanished and she alone filled the large space in his heart. His words, so clear and tender made Daphne forget herself, Carl, and all the world besides, and she really felt that she was in fairyland, with a handsome prince bowing at her side.

But the dream soon came to an end and she was left alone in her room. Now her thoughts had full sway and she said in a half whisper, "I have been here a month and where have I ever seen anyone half so handsome? Who was ever so fascinating? And did I ever have more attention from anyone? But just then a soft, fluttering breeze whispered "Carl, Carl!" Ah! how changed was her tune, when she said, "Where can he be? Oh! Carl, Carl! why don't you come to see your own little Daphne? You know I am in the same city with you and-and you won't come to see me." Hark! a voice has called her and Uncle Jack has given her a telegram, which read thus: "Carl is ill, at hospital in Richmond, come before he dies." A crimson tide of blood flooded Daphne's marble cheeks and she muttered halfbrokenly, "I will go to-morrow."

Uncle Jack accompanied her to the station next morning and they found the train an hour late. As she walked to the door of the station to feel the soft breeze, she caught sight of a tall handsome lad coming near her, "It is Carl" she gasped and ran toward him, but there, no smile greeted her, for he was thin, cold and stern. Daphne could not stand back longer, "Oh! Carl, speak to me once more" she gasped, and his face was clouded when he said "Daphne

you do not love me" and silently walked away. The train was nearing the station when she wiped her tear-dimmed eyes and gave Uncle Jack a tender farewell.

The train gave a long, shrill whistleand Daphne was hurried away from the place, where a lad dearer than life to her, was left behind. She hid her face in her hands and wept, oh, so bitterly. What did it all mean? She was in complete darkness and saw no means by which to understand the mystery. Last night Carl was ill and now though he was thin and pale, he was back at Charlestown and expected again to take up his studies. But worries soon cast their anchor in the harbor of a sweet and pleasant dream.

She was asleep and before her stood Mr. Fitzgerald with a pleading tenderness in his voice. How romantic it was; for she saw the prince with his great store of love and gold laying it all before her. But the dream was broken and she was awakened by the conductor, who told her that she was at her stop-

ping place.

Daphne told her parents about the rich Mr. Fitzgerald, and also said that she saw Carl. My! but Mr. Rose was excited, because he hated Carl from the very first on account of his poverty and now since he knew of Mr. Fitzgerald he offered all kinds of inducements to Daphne if she would marry him.

In the next two years that followed Daphne wished to hear from Carl and understand the occasion, but no word came, and instead frequent visits were made by Mr. Fitzgerald, who loved her better than all else besides, but Daphne did not return his love because Carl was branded on her memory and stamped in her heart.

Before long Carl came to visit his parents, and shocked them terribly by his thin, care-worn face. His father questioned him about his health and received the same answer every time. "Oh! I am alright" but when he asked about Daphne, he hung his head and left the room.

Now Mr. Rose was still excited about Mr. Fitzgerald, so he called Daphne

to his side and said that she should have all he owned if she would marry him, but on the other hand if she married Carl he would disown her. She thought long and earnestly and said, "I would not marry a man I did not love for a kingdom." Then she sought refuge in her lonely but beautiful flower-garden.

She walked slowly to her rose bushes and looked long and earnestly for a rose bud, and finally came to a bush with one fading pink rose on its stem. She buried her face in its fragrant petals and then raised her sad eyes only to meet those of dear Carl's. Daphne plucked the rose and sped to his side. Neither spoke at first, but their hearts welled up so full of love that silence was sweeter than words. After a little, Carl said, "Dear Daphne, forgive me, I wronged you cruelly. You know the telegram I sent you was delayed three weeks and when I met you at the railway I thought you had forgotton me, but—but you were too noble for that." Daphne interrupted him by pressing her little hand against his own and he continued, "When I came here and saw you a Daphne Rose, so fresh, so pure and so beautiful, standing there so proudly by the last rose of summer, my heart left me, flew to you dearest, and I was forced to run and catch it. Daphne just say you love me and t'will all be right." So Daphne poured out her overflowing heart and made all things right.

Just then a wild unearthly shriek escaped from the lips of a man. A horse came madly dashing down the road and the driver was screaming "Save me! Save me!" Not a moment lost, but a youth so brave and so bold rushed in front of the panting horse, and stopped him abruptly. It was Mr. Rose and no sooner had he recovered than he stood before the brave Carl and said, "Thank God for such a brave son and dear lov-

ing daughter."

Carl clasped his sunbeam to his throbbing heart, pressed her lips to his and said, "We owe everything to that poor little last rose of summer."

Evelyn Turnbull

#### OK E S

J. S.—(Senior.) "Professor, will you pick this splinter from under my nail?"

Prof.—"What's the matter? Been scratching your head?"

R. C.—who had been sitting by his lady-love for about an hour, ventured to to say, "There is a feather on your sleeve" sleeve.

E. T.—(A Junior.) "No wonder, when I've been sitting, all this time, by a goose."

Miss W.—(to P.B., a Sophomore.) "Have you heard that the little S—— boy must have his leg amputated today?"

P.—"Why I heard just yesterday that

he had to have it cut off!"

(One of the Juniors, in repeating this, used the word "abdicated" for "amputated.'')

Teacher:—"What are you going to do

with that fan?"

Jealous "Dude":--"Just going to fan-a -belle to keep that troublesome Kidd away."

Little Prep. Kid: "Say 'Fessor, did you see the idiotic shower last night?"

'Fessor: "No, didn't see the one last night, but I can see that kind of thing most every day."

M. S.—(Freshman.) "I've been up three nights and haven't seen that old comic yet. Hey, E—— did you see the comic?"

E. T.—(Junior.) last do you wear?" "Margaret, what

Margaret S.—(Freshman.) "I don't

wear any."

E.—(Looking at bottom of her shoes.) "I wear E last."

M. "You think I don't know what you're talking about, but I guess I do. There are not any of those little iron jiggers on my heels, with letters on them."

M. W.—(Freshman.) "Where is sister?"

L. P. "Down in the office to see about the toasts for the Senior Recep-

M. "Why, are they cooking the toasts in the office?"

Prof. there?" "Say Emil, what are you doing

Emil: Just paintin' a shell on Miss L—'s back to scare the Hawks away.'

Grammar Teacher: "Guy, compare ill!"

Guy: "Ill— worse off— dead!"

IN PHYSIOLOGY.

Miss R. "Trace food from the time it enters the mouth until it is absorbed by the blood."

Pupil. "It goes from the mouth to the stomach, and then to the spinal

column."

Sixth Grader.—(from a test paper.) "Dropsy is caused by being lazy; you swell up and are not well."

Miss R. "Why are not all the bones

of the body the same shape?"

Elizabeth P. "Because if the bones in our legs were the same shape as the bones in our head, we would be in a bad

Query, by History Substitute. "Where were the Jacobites and non-Jurors to be found?''

English History Pupil.—(pointing to History.) "Why, right in there."

Miss R.—(chemistry class.) "What is that process by which oxygen is abstracted from a compound?"

Vain, but lovable Senior. "Oh, I

know. Reduciation."

(An extract from a Junior History

Test.)

"One of the provisions of the Bill of Rights was that Parliament should meet real often and enjoy itself."

"Wait a minute N-, what's your

hurry?"

N. "I must head off that short cut fellow, for he's trying to settle himself in the very heart of my Merry Tea."

There she is, my little beauty, All the school chaps call her cuty, To her charms my heart will rally, Or my name no more is Sally!

		CLASS		PECULARITES	E		·
	KNOWN AS	FAVORITE	FAVORITE	FAVORITE	CHIEF DESIRE	CHIEF CHAR-ACTERISTIC	FAVORITE
	"DUMP"	GIGGLING	"I'LL BE JOHN"	CHICKEN PIE	TO BE AN ACTRESS	SILLY	LATIN
	"JACKIBUS"	SIGHING	"WOE IS ME"	ÖLD HAM	TO BE MR. JOHN PERCI-BIG UNDER VALL'S SON-STANDINGS IN-LAW	BIG UNDER- STANDINGS	MATH.
	"TOL"	SLEEPING	"GEE WHIZ"	ROYAL(L) SYRUP	TO GO ABROAD	LACK OF CURLY HAIR	SCIENCE
	"PEGGY"	"BUILDING AIR CASTLES"	" I DID "	GOODWIN(E)	TO BE AN ARTIST	LACK OF FAT	FRENCH
	"KIDDO"	DREAMING	"YES"	BAR(HAM)	TO TRAVEL	PROLONGA- TION OF THE NOSE	HISTORY
	"DIXIE"	SPOONING WITH A KID(D)	"I KNOW IT"	TYLER	TO RIDE A BILLY GOAT	PROLONGA- TION OF THE NECK	ENGLISH
- 1							

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